**Oedipus Rex Parados Assignment**

Each group will read thru, block, work, memorize, polish, tech, dress and perform a verse from the Parados (1st choral ode from Oedipus Rex. Each performance must include a beginning and ending stage picture and demonstrate speaking Solo, Unison, Canon, Echo, Crescendo, deCrescendo

# Group 1 - Strophe 1

What is the god singing in his profound

Delphi of gold and shadow?

What oracle for Thebes, the sunwhipped city?

Fear unjoints me, the roots of my heart tremble.

Now I remember, O Healer, your power, and wonder:

Will you send doom like a sudden cloud, or weave it

Like nightfall of the past?

Ah no: be merciful, issue of holy sound:

Dearest to our expectancy; be tender!

**Group 2 - Antistrophe 1**

Let me pray to Athene, the immortal daughter of Zeus,

And to Artemis her sister

Who keeps her famous throne in the market ring,

And to Apollo, bowman at the far butts of heaven—

O gods, descend! Like three streams leap against

The fires of our grief, the fires of darkness;

Be swift to bring us rest!

As in the old time from the brilliant house

Of air you stepped to save us, come again!

# Group 3 - Strophe 2

Now our afflictions have no end.

Now all our stricken host lies down

And no man fights off death with his mind;

The noble plowland bears no grain,

And groaning mother can not bear—

See, how our lives like birds take wing,

Like sparks that fly when a fire soars,

To the shore of the god of evening.

# Group 4 - Antistrophe 2

The plague burns on, it is pitiless,

Though pallid children laden with death

Lie unwept in the stony ways,

And old gray women by every path

Flock to the strand about the altars

There to strike their breasts and cry

Worship of Zeus in wailing prayers:

Be kind, God’s golden child!

# Group 5 - Strophe 3

There are no swords in this attack by fire,

No shields, but we are ringed with cries.

Send the besieger plunging from our homes

Into the vast sea-room of the Atlantic

Or into the waves that foam eastward of Thrace—

For the day ravages what the night spares—

Destroy our enemy, lord of the thunder!

Let him be riven by lightning from heaven!

**Group 6 - Antistrophe 3**

Phoibos Apollo, stretch the sun’s bowstring,

That golden cord, until it sing for us,

Flashing arrows in heaven!

Artemis, Huntress,

Race with flaring lights upon our mountains!

O scarlet god, O golden-banded brow,

O Theban Bacchos in a storm of Maenads,

Whirl upon Death, that all the Undying hate!

Come with blinding cressets, come in joy!